

Miscellaneous Editorial Paragraphs

When Passion called, Reason was not "at home."

Wanted : A few conclusive reasons why a Christian should be stingy.

No one has really begun to live who has not begun to live for others.

To live Christianity is more important and worth more than to preach it.

Wanted : A genuine case of "the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

Ought we to pity a man who has just enough religion to make him miserable ?

Wanted : Twenty reasons why a Christian should be discouraged. If you haven't the twenty, send us at least one.

Whoever may be the author of suffering and pain, we get many of the very best things of our lives out of such experiences.

Like showers upon the thirsty soil are the seasons of refreshing that come from the presence of the Lord. Even the dumb corn looks glad and waves back to the clouds its gratitude and thanksgiving.

In the hour of death human companionship is impossible. Not only in death's strange mystery, but in all life's deepest experiences we are left alone so far as human companionship is concerned. But there is no loneliness so lonely and no silence so silent but that God is there.

The man who gets wealth and honor and position as Jacob got the blessing does so at the cost of personal righteousness. There is a story of an aged father about to die who called his sons to his bedside and spoke to them of the money he would leave them. "There is not very much of it," he said, "but there is not a dirty shilling in the whole of it." Far better is a small amount, every cent of it clean, than millions stained in the getting.

A Board of Health in a certain city has ordered that all telephones shall be disinfected daily to prevent the transmission of contagious diseases. There may be physical danger from this source, but it is not to be compared with the moral infection from a hundred sources, involving a far greater danger, particularly to the young. Moral disinfection is the business of the church, of pastors and all Christians. Let them attend to this great duty with intelligence and diligence.

One Sunday morning a father gave his boy a nickle and a quarter, telling him that he might put which one he pleased into the contribution box that day. On his return from church the father asked the boy which one he had given, whereupon he replied that the preacher said in his sermon that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and as he knew he could give the nickle much more cheerfully than he could give the quarter, why, he had given the nickel. Which makes a pretty good illustration of a very general method of scriptural interpretation, not according to the fair meaning of the text, but according to our prejudices and tastes.

There are many people in these days who have a perfect mania for leadership, who aspire to be leaders of thought and of men. They are insistent in their claims and declare all false prophets who have preceded them or who do not fall in line with their ideas. It might be well for such to remember that the world's cemeteries are full of dead misleaders of men who in their day have shone as stars of the first magnitude and whose light has gone out ; but unfortunately new ones have taken the place of the old ones.

A poor, ignorant, old, colored man, who had been a slave, came to Miss M. Waterbury, a lady missionary among the freedman, and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction until she came to the one on forgiveness. "What dat mean ?" said he. "That you must forgive everybody or God will not forgive you." "Stop, teacher, can't do that," and he went away. After vacation he appeared again, saying : "now go on wid de prayer. I dun forgive him. Ole massa once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crowbar, an' t'row me out fur dead, and I met him on de street, and wouldn't speak at him, but today I met him an' said, How'd ye ? Now go on wid dat prayer." It might be well for many another besides the colored man to think very seriously of those whom they refuse to forgive before they go on "wid dat prayer."

Fitzpatrick had been an extraordinarily handsome man, of good habits, his greatest fault being his inordinate vanity about his good looks. He had the celebrity of being the most handsome man in the community. His home was in Trenton, N. J. Last winter he took smallpox, rather smallpox took him. He recovered, but his beauty was spoiled. He came home from work one day last month after standing the jeers of his companions who secretly rejoiced and hoped that with his good looks his vanity had disappeared also, took a mirror, looked at himself, and said to his wife, "Mary, how do I look ?" She tried to console him, but he was disconsolate and would not be consoled. He went upstairs, took a bath, shaved, put on clean clothes, took arsenic, and before a physician could be called was dead. This story carries with it a moral. It is the same old story of sacrificing the greater for the less, just what multitudes are doing in the intellectual and the spiritual. For appearance's sake young men and women spend money enough to take them thru some college, but they prefer the adornment of the body to that of the mind and the soul. Outward physical beauty was to this man more than beauty of character ; he preferred a sweet face to that of a sweet soul, good looks he valued more highly than life itself. Folly, did you say ? Yes, but in the intellectual, the moral and the spiritual, thousands of men and women about us are doing the same thing. They have not been brought up to the right standard ; they have not been educated to properly estimate the better and nobler things in life, and as a consequence those elements which make for the uplift of the soul are crowded out of life, and the things which drag down and degrade are allowed the supremacy. This accounts for the great multitude who are living the lower and the meaner life, and the few who live the higher and the better life.